

It is a day that is bright and sunny with snow still claiming ownership of the ground. But they have cleared the course. It is all blacktop now with some wet spots to consider. The older I get the more intrigued I am by the number of runners who I don't know. I exchange pleasantries with the few who are left from the old days.

It is a chilly day and an awkward time (2:00 p.m.) to run a race. But here we are ... about 130 runners of all ages. The gun explodes and the pack grips the road ... panting, weaving, and conversing.

I am running alongside a man with his dog. I am keeping pace with them, but soon I leave them. The dog's legs are shorter than mine. We pass the first mile. It is a gently rolling course with a bridge to cross ~ up and down both sides. It is more difficult to find a breathing rhythm, but eventually I do.

I "rush" back to the finish after the turnaround. I see the clock in the distance and take a quick glance at my watch. It's ticking, and so am I ... through the chute and finish ... nice effort for the last day of January.

Now that I'm done it's not as cold as it once was ... More time spent talking with my generation and the "die hards." We live to run another day. There's more behind us now than there is before us. And so the race becomes even more special. In the past it seemed more like accomplishments favored the race ~ such as running the first one, or doing a marathon, or running Boston.

But now the time is shorter, and all of those beginnings are just that. The past is prologue. And as the years and decades fly by, we come to understand that the "season of running" is a lifetime.

And may the wind be always at your back.

Don Mega

megarunner83@verizon.net